

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

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THE WOOD-FIRE.

This bright wood-fire
So like to that which warmed and lit
My youthful days—how doth it flit
Back on the periods nigher,
Relighting and rewarming with its glow
The bright scenes of my youth—all gone out
now.
How eagerly its flickering blaze doth catch
On every point now wrapped in time's deep
shade,
Into what wild grotesqueness by its flash
And fitful chequering is the picture made!
When I am glad or gay,
Let me walk forth into the brilliant sun,
And with congenial rays be shone upon;
When I am sad, or thought-bewitched would
be,
Let me glide forth in moonlight's mystery,
But never, while I live this changeful life,
This past and future with all wonders rife,
Never, bright flame, may be denied to me,
Thy dear, life-imaging, close sympathy.
What but my hopes shot upward e'er so
bright?
What but my fortunes sank so low in night?

Why art thou banished from our hearth and
hall,
Thou who art welcomed and beloved by all?

Was thy existence then too fanciful
For our life's common light, who are so dull?
Did thy bright gleam mysterious converse
hold

With our congenial souls? secrets too bold?
Well, we are safe and strong, for now we sit
Beside a hearth where no dim shadows flit,
Where nothing cheers nor saddens, but a fire
Warms feet and hands—nor does to more
aspire;

By whose compact, utilitarian heap,
The present may sit down and go to sleep,
Nor fear the ghosts who from the dim past
walked,

And with us by the unequal light of the old
wood-fire talked.

—The Dial.

DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED.

"Our brethren have discouraged our heart."—DEUT. i.
28.
"Fathers, provoke not your children that they be not
discouraged."—COL. iii. 21.

To be discouraged is to lose one's energy
and vitality. When a man is discouraged
he is of no use; his power has gone out of
him. Therefore, the familiar lines are not far
wrong which say:—

"Courage gone, all gone,
Better never have been born."

Courage is a large and noble quality, and nec-
essary in all the relations of life. It is not
merely shown in the boldness which con-
fronts danger and is self-possessed in peril.
It also is needed to face other difficulties
promptly, to do one's duty cheerfully when
the hope of success is small; to stand alone
for the truth and right; not to be discouraged
by disappointment, nor by the censures and
reproofs of the hostile, nor by the indifference
of the unsympathizing. In short, courage is
the quality which is opposed to all dis-
couragement.

One of the passages I have read advises
parents not to discourage their children.
You would say beforehand, that there was
not much need of that recommendation.
Why should parents discourage their children?
You might think that it is the parents who
are apt to be discouraged by their children.
Parents do everything they can for their

children, provide them with all the means of progress, give them the best education, put them into a good business, open to them a career of usefulness, and then the children sometimes throw away these advantages by idleness, by choosing bad companions, by getting into needless and foolish difficulties, wasting their time, neglecting their opportunities, and so becoming a discredit to themselves and their friends. In such cases, it is the children who discourage the parents, not the parents who discourage the children.

And yet Paul spoke from a profound insight and keen observation. Parents do not intend to discourage their children. But they sometimes do so unintentionally, by not being able to put themselves in the place of the children. Parents and teachers often imagine that all children are alike, and think that what one is able to do, another ought to do. But children differ in their organization, and some find it hard to accomplish what is to others easy. Nor do the children themselves understand what the difficulty is. Parents and teachers are too apt to assume that when a child does not do as he is told, or as he ought to do, he is wilfully disobedient. So they think that they ought to punish the child, or, at any rate, they show that they are offended and hurt by the child's behavior. But when the mysterious and complex chords of a child's mind are jangled and out of tune, he does not know why, but he cannot do the thing he would. I think a great many children have been discouraged because they could not learn their lessons, and were called stupid and thought themselves so, when perhaps a little pains taken by parents or friends would have tided them over the difficulty. And many have been thought obstinate and perverse when all they needed was sympathy, patience, and kindness to help them out of the transient mood of bad temper into which they had fallen. When they are discouraged they give up all attempt to do better. Do we not all remember having had just such feelings when we were children? We needed to be encouraged, not blamed.

No wonder people admire courage. It is indispensable to nobleness of life. How much courage some men and women display in taking on themselves new responsibilities, in going promptly to perform untried and difficult duties, in keeping up the struggle of life amid many discouragements. Courage is a virtue needed by women no less than by men. How many poor women there are in this city; widows, perhaps, or worse than widows; who work on to support their families, rising early and going late to

bed, and eating the bread of care. They keep their children tidy and neat, keep them at school, exhaust every contrivance to maintain themselves, try every possible means of overcoming the daily difficulties of life, and so hold on, year after year, when strong men might have been discouraged and have given up. I think as much heroism is shown every day in such ways, as by the soldiers who hold an important position in a battle against overwhelming odds.

There is no more important work in this world, no greater duty, than to help others to keep up their courage. I consider it the chief duty of the Christian pulpit to encourage those whom life discourages. I think every Sunday should inspire us with new heart for work; every sermon and act of worship renew our energy and put fresh enthusiasm into our souls for the great battle of existence. He is our best friend whose words of cheerful confidence give more life to our heart, and he is our enemy who, by his words of doubt and his spirit of fear, saps this ardor and takes from us our courage.

And yet how many there are whose habit it is to look at the dark and discouraging side of life. They dwell on the faults and follies of men; they exaggerate the amount of evil in the world; they quench the ardor of generous enthusiasm by a cold scepticism. Whenever we have talked with such persons we have been inclined to say, "Our brethren have discouraged our heart."

Perhaps you will answer, "But if there is there, why not see it? Shall we shut our eyes to the actual folly and sin of the world? Shall we deceive ourselves by rose-colored views of life, which experience will contradict?" Is not the truth that which we need, no matter how discouraging it may be? Is not an unfounded or an excessive hope the very source of a greater discouragement afterward? Socrates tells us that a misanthrope is often a discouraged philanthropist, who, because he began by thinking too well of men, ends by thinking too badly of them. To see all the evil, danger, and risk beforehand is the best preparation for any enterprise, for it saves us from subsequent disappointment."

This is no doubt true. The sight of the evil and danger will make us prudent and cautious, and prevent us from being carried away by unfounded hopes and a too sanguine and credulous expectation. The most courageous general needs to know the power of his enemy.

But though the knowledge of evil is necessary to make us cautious and prudent, it is the sight of the good which gives us courage and energy to attack the evil. The inspira-

tion which gives us power does not come from that habit of mind which dwells on evil, but on the opposite habit which loves to look at good. Not the contemplation of error and wrong, but the sight of truth and righteousness, puts strength into the heart and enables us to fight on and fight always, through evil report and good report, through success and failure, to the end. Everything great, noble, generous, and brave comes from keeping in sight this heavenly ideal, this supreme glory and beauty which descends from God into all hearts that trust him.

The great danger, therefore, is of being discouraged by dwelling exclusively or mainly on the dark side of the world; for this ends in despondency, apathy, and moral indifference.

To work without hope is discouraging. We need the sense of progress to cheer and sustain us. To go round and round in a treadmill of mere drudgery takes our spirit out of us. Therefore we need a deeper and larger hope. We need to have faith in mental, moral, and spiritual progress; in the growth of the soul; in the unfolding of its higher powers, its larger faculties. We need to have faith that the years, as they come and go, may give us a deeper experience, may lift us to a larger vision, may enable us to come nearer to God in faith, nearer to man in human sympathy and love.

When we have this sense of spiritual progress, we can bear outward disappointments more easily, sure that pain and sorrow may work for our highest good.

But suppose we have no such sense of spiritual progress; that we do not seem to be growing wiser or better as the years pass by; that we even often find ourselves, in some respects, worse than we were; that our conscience is not as sensitive, our purpose to do right not as fixed, our aim not as high. This is the most discouraging fact of all.

I suppose that this is the very time when faith in Christ comes to our help. When we find nothing in ourselves on which to lean, Christ teaches us to lean more entirely on the pardoning grace of God and God's spiritual help. We have this treasure of goodness in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us. When we are weak, then we are strong. So it was that the apostle felt when he said, "We are troubled on every side, but not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

The meaning of the gospel of Jesus is this: that he does not come as a physician to those who are whole, but to those who are sick.

He comes to the poor in spirit; to the spiritually poor; to those who find little in themselves in which to trust. He speaks to these of the infinite fatherly love, of the perfect providence, of him whose will it is that no one of his little ones should perish; he comes to say to him who is discouraged, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee"; to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted, and open the eyes of the blind that they may see the Comforter, the Holy Spirit. Everywhere else we see law, inexorable though beneficent law. Over all the face of nature unchanging, benignant law presides, rewarding good, punishing evil. Everywhere the vast order of the universe is based in law. Jesus does not come to destroy the law or the prophets, but to fulfil them both by a deeper insight. He comes to show us that while law forever punishes and rewards according to conduct and character, there is also a help given to the poorest and weakest, by which they can, if they will, find new strength and hope in the ever-present love of the universal Father.

Jesus comes to us all to say, "Do not be discouraged. Never be discouraged." Though evil may abound, and the love of many grow cold, though we see no way out of surrounding difficulties, though even our brethren discourage our heart by their gloomy forebodings, and abandon the good cause, leaving us alone, still, let us never be discouraged. The Lord reigns. Chance does not reign. Fate does not reign. Bad men do not reign. He reigns who forever educes lasting good out of transient evil. It is this perfect trust in a divine Providence that gives us new power, and prevents us from being discouraged. "Wait on the Lord. Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart."

Do not be discouraged about public affairs. In this country we have the least reason to fear; for experience here shows us that, in the long run, things come right. Courage can here overcome the worst dangers. How many crises has this nation passed through even in my own lifetime, and came out of them all safely. Our brethren may sometimes discourage our heart by taking what seems to us the wrong way. But the second sober thought of the nation brings things right again. As long as speech is open, thought free, the press unshackled, truth is sure to be mighty and to prevail.

Do not be discouraged because there seems so much to be done. If there is a great deal given us to do, there is plenty of time given us wherein to do it. Do you remember Mrs. Barbauld's ingenious story of "The Discon-

tented Pendulum"? She tells us that one night the pendulum of the kitchen clock began to calculate how often it would have to swing back and forward, and found that it must oscillate 3,600 times every hour, and 86,400 times every day. This discouraged it, and it had concluded to stand still. Then it reflected that, though it had to tick once every second, it always had a second in which to tick. How often people say, in looking back on their past trials, "If I had known beforehand what I have had to bear, I should have despaired. I could not have borne it." No. And, therefore, we do not know beforehand. Happy for us that we do not. With each new trial comes new strength; and we are gently lifted over our struggles and sorrows by an ever-present Providence of wisdom and love.

Do not be discouraged in doing good. It may often seem as if you accomplished very little, as if, with all your efforts, you cannot effectually help those whom you wish to serve. When you lift them up, they fall again. You may even sometimes find that your very help seems to do them harm. They relax their own efforts and lean on you. Then comes the danger of thinking that all effort is useless, that to endeavor to aid the inefficient is always to discourage the laborious, and that the stern laws of retribution should be left to work out their own remedy.

But I believe we have, not merely to help ourselves, but to help each other. We may often make mistakes. We may sometimes do harm. But the greatest mistake of all would be to stand aloof from human sorrow. It was no mistake when Jesus came to seek and save those who were lost, to bind up the broken-hearted, and to bring comfort to the forlorn. It was no mistake when he said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Best of all blessings is that human love, that generous sympathy which puts itself in the place of the sufferer, and gives him the comfort of knowing that he is not alone in the world, not forgotten by his fellow-men. The good of this is never lost.

And let us not be discouraged by the amount of suffering, sin, and crime which we see around us. Always remember that these evils come to the surface, while the good is hidden. Self-indulgence parades itself before our eyes, while self-denial does not appear unto men to fast. Hypocrisy prays at the corner of the streets, while piety goes into its closet. Dishonesty plunders, and is exposed, and all men hear of it. But honesty sounds no trumpet when it is faithful in the least things and in the greatest.

The demagogue parades himself before our eyes, but the patriot does his work silently. If the vast majority of men did not tell the truth, keep their promises, hold fast to honesty, society would dissolve and become a heap of sand. Be not discouraged, then, because you see and hear so much of what is evil in the world, but be sure that the good is much more widespread and more powerful.

Thus we see that we cannot live without courage, and that courage comes to us from faith in things unseen and eternal. Courage comes to us from faith in an infinite Providence guiding all things aright, and making all things work together for good. Courage comes from knowing that when we stand by what is true and right, all the great powers of the universe are working with us. When we feel our own weakness, courage comes to us by remembering that God cares for our soul, and wishes to save us from our sins. Courage comes to us when we remember that evil is transient and good permanent, that error is fleeting and that truth is eternal, that God is on the side of all things just, honest, pure, and noble. Then we can say with the poet:—

"That more and more a Providence
Of Love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

"That care and trial seem at last
In memory's sunset air
Like mountain ranges overpast
In purple distance fair.

"That all the jarring notes of life
Are blended in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

"And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day."

—James Freeman Clarke.

THE STILL HOUR.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
 Our hearts are known to thee;
 O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee!

SHORT PRAYERS.

O Thou, who art the blessed and only potentate; the King of kings and Lord of lords; who only hast immortality; dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen nor can see; to thee be honor and power everlasting.

We give thee thanks, O our Father, who hast made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

Thou hast delivered us from the power of darkness, and hast translated us into the kingdom of thy dear Son, in whom we have redemption, even the forgiveness of our sins.

May we therefore fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life, following after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, and meekness.

We pray thee to forgive us, O God, if we have set our affections upon things below, instead of things above; if, professing to know thee, we have denied thee by our works; if through the love of money we have fallen into temptation and a snare; if we have indulged those passions which war against the soul; or if we have done anything through strife or vain-glory.

Forgive us, we beseech thee, these and all our sins.

THOUGHTS FOR THE STILL HOUR.

According to God's plan in creation we have first variety, afterward unity; first differences, afterward agreements; first discords, then concords; first separation, then union; first war, and then peace. The highest peace is concord; is the union of different notes reconciled into one grand consent of harmonious sound.

Such is the peace in nature. Go out of a summer day into the fields or woods, and what a sense of peace comes into your soul! It is because of the fulness of life around you, in air, earth, water, the innumerable blades of grass and multitude of leaves silently growing, bathed in an ocean of sunbeams. Innumerable insects fill the air, and displace "the green silence" with the moderation of

their murmuring bass. This is peace born of fulness. Go into the depths of the mammoth cave and you have the most awful silence, but not peace. It is dead silence, not live silence. The silence of the summer woods is all alive.

True peace is born of fulness, not of emptiness. Such is the peace of the human soul. One-sidedness, fanaticism for a single point, absorption in one idea, these are always at war. Youth therefore is not as peaceful as age, for its experience is narrow. It is passionate for the nearest object,—absorbed in a single hope, to lose which is death and despair. But as one grows older he sees how full life is of compensations; how by losing one thing you gain another; how good the world is on all sides; how, if you have not art, you can have nature; if you do not gain the joys of prosperity, you can obtain the discipline of adversity; if you do not have the triumph of success, you have the satisfaction of failing nobly in a noble cause. Content comes to us as we see on what a large scale life is arranged, and how through every crack and cranny of the humblest log-cabin floods of sunlight and day may roll in. No one man can do all things. We find this out at last, and are thankful if we are able to do anything.—
James Freeman Clarke.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

Cambridge First Parish offers the following books. Apply to Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.:—

"Frontenac and New France," Parkman; "Gustavus Adolphus," Fletcher; "Constitutional History of England," May; "Poems," Mrs. Browning; "School, College, and Character," Briggs; "The Weavers," Parker; "Problems of Babyhood"; "Daily Strength for Daily Needs"; "Theodore Parker," Chadwick; "The Story of the Other Wise Man," Van Dyke; "Hamlet," Shakespeare; "Guenn's Aunt Serena," Howard; "Hearts of Oak Books," Vols. 4, 5, 6; "L'Allegro and Other Poems," Milton; "Lays of Ancient Rome," Macaulay.

Brighton Branch offers the following. Address Miss Carrie L. Murdock, 320 Allston Street, Boulevard Station, Brighton, Mass.:—

Children's Books.

"King Arthur's Knights," Mary Macgregor; Grimm's "Fairy Tales"; "Stepping Stones to Literature," Sarah Louise Arnold and Charles B. Gilbert; "Princess and Curdie," Macdonald; "Gulliver's Travels"; "Child Classics of Prose," compiled by Mary R. Fitch Pierce; "The Hiawatha Primer," Florence Holbrook; "Boat Club," Oliver Optic; "The Book of Fables"; "Fighting for the Flag," A. R. White; "Cuore, an Italian School-boy's Journal," Edmondo de Amicis, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood; *Youth's Companion*, 1910-12; *The Beacon*, 1910-11, 1913; "Shakespeare's England," William Winter; "Amos Judd," J. A. Mitchell; "Life from a Wheeled Chair," Mary B. Waterman; "Mother," A Story, Kathleen Norris; "Nutcracker and Mouse King"; "The Glen House Book, White Mountains"; "Beethoven Studies," translated by H. H. Pierson; "Life of President McKinley"; "About the Farm," J. R. Whipple Co., Dairy, N.H.; "Mother Goose."

Quotations and Poetry.

"Day unto Day"; "Daily Strength for Daily Needs"; "Violets," from Tennyson; "Bitter-Sweet," J. G. Holland; "The Shadow of the Rock."

Stories, Paper Covers.

"Reveries of a Bachelor," Ik Marvel; "Pickwick Papers," Charles Dickens; "Kenilworth," "Ivanhoe," Scott; "Mill on the Floss," George Eliot; *American Magazine*, 1913; *Cosmopolitan*, 1914.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister, as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. It has been several years since I came asking for something to read. We now live in an isolated place, seven miles from the post-office, and have no railroad, and only get our mail once a week; are five miles from church and Sunday-school. I do get so lonesome and hungry for something more to read. Am particularly anxious for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Delineator*, also the *Cheerful Letter*. But would very much appreciate any reading. Thanking you all for past favors, Mrs. H. E. Russell, Burger, Caddo County, Oklahoma.

2. I come with loving greetings and sincere thanks to all who have so kindly remembered me. I have been an invalid for eleven years. A major operation nine years ago left me worse. I cannot do fancy work. I love the *Cheerful Letter*, and after reading it, pass it on. God bless the noble work of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange*. I should be very grateful for humorous books, or any cheer to help pass the lonely, painful hours. Should also greatly appreciate a stereoscope and views. Mother and I live alone. She is a semi-invalid and very frail; has been very sick during the past few months; was thrown from a carriage and badly injured. We are entirely dependent upon the kindness of friends. Receiving mail is one of my greatest pleasures. With best wishes to all, Miss Myrta Eshbaugh, Tionesta, Pennsylvania.

3. I am fifteen years old. I have five brothers and three sisters,—only two older than I. I have lung trouble and can do no work, and I like to read, but my papa is too poor to buy reading. I do so long for good books of any kind, to pass the time. Also will you send some books to suit my brothers, aged twelve and ten years? I will send my doctor's address to you: Dr. J. M. Garrett, Rockingham, North Carolina. I shall be so glad for any one to write me good, cheering letters. I get so discouraged. We are very poor. My mama is just getting up from a hard spell of typhoid fever and she needs something to read to pass the time. Please do send me some reading, and have some one write me. I shall be so thankful. Allena Watson, Rockingham, North Carolina, Entwistle Mill.

4. I come begging for some reading. I am very lonely. Am almost confined to my home. My husband's health is very bad, and I have a sweet little boy three months old. I have to care for them. I thank the many friends for the literature that I have received, most especially the little *Cheerful Letter*. I now ask for a dictionary, or any kind of reading will be appreciated. I enjoy piecing quilts; will some of the ladies please send me some little scraps of calico or cloth? I should be pleased to get it. A lonely friend in the mountains. Mrs. G. Lee Roberson, Elamsville, Virginia, Route 1.

5. Mrs. Kate Reynolds, Stella, Virginia, Patrick County, a widow with five little children, asks for "Faithful Shirley," "Tem-

pest and Sunshine," by Mary J. Holmes; any magazines or post-cards.

6. Mrs. Mae E. Cox, Dodson, Virginia, asks for paper dolls for her little two-year-old daughter, Minnie Estelle. Cards would also be appreciated.

7. Oscar Martin, Polkton, North Carolina, R. F. D. 2, a farmer in poor health, will be glad of reading or letters.

8. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, Methuen, Mass., asks for anything on Mental Science or New Thought.

9. *Review of Reviews*, 1914, will be appreciated by Mrs. E. A. Abbott, Appomattox, Virginia.

10. Reading will be much appreciated by Miss Ethel Witt, Ironsburg, Tennessee. Ironsburg is in the mountainous part of East Tennessee. Miss Witt lives fifteen miles from the little town, and is surrounded on all sides by mountains. She has six sisters and three brothers, she being the eldest.

11. Mrs. Ethel Tucker, Critz, Virginia, asks for the "History of Daniel Boone."

12. Mrs. Bettie Joyce, Stuart, Virginia, R. F. D. 5, will appreciate magazines.

13. A Bible is asked for by Mr. T. J. Herrin, Jermy, Texas.

14. I want to thank all that have remembered me since and while I was sick. I shall be twenty-one years old the 22d of July. I should be glad if some one would send me the *Ladies' Home Journal*. I should be very glad indeed of any popular music. Katie E. Shepherd, Sandidges, Virginia, Route No. 2.

15. Mrs. Mary E. Decker, 1901 North Campbell Street, Springfield, Missouri, asks for light reading.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Sue Quisinberry from Bumpass to Faber, Virginia, care of Mrs. H. A. Drumheller.

Rev. W. A. Alleyn from Ross, Indiana, to Griffith, Indiana, Route 1, Box 13.

Mr. Alleyn has not moved, but the post-office at Ross has been discontinued.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

INGRATITUDE TOO OFTEN SHOWN BY CHILDREN TOWARD PARENTS.

An old saying has it that parents take most comfort and enjoyment with their children during their baby years, and that the older the children grow the less amenable they become to the examples and precepts of their fathers and mothers. Naturally, a child develops more and more individuality of character every day that he lives, and wise parents encourage this by directing it into proper channels.

You probably have often heard it stated, or remarked yourself, that some parent and child of your acquaintance are as alike as two peas, as regards face, form, and disposition. But a close study of the two would soon show that they vary enough in each one of these respects to stamp them as individuals. Doubtless this accounts for the constant deviations after a time from the principles and ideas that the parents would inculcate in their offspring.

I doubt if there has ever been a father and mother who has not, at some time in the history of their parenthood, felt that which is sharper than the serpent's tooth—the ingratitude, sometimes assumed, but more often real, of a much-loved, and perhaps much-indulged, child, whose every wish has been gratified as far as circumstance permitted.

It is a strange thing that the implicit faith of childhood and youth in the infallibility of parents should in many instances change to an utter disregard of their wishes and the principles they have conscientiously labored to instil. Stranger still, that ideas, wholly at variance with those that they have been accustomed to hearing voiced in their own homes, should take possession of them, and that they should forsake parental influence and authority so often at the earliest opportunity.

In the flush of youth it is difficult to believe that the day will ever come when each of us may be old and dependent upon one of our own idolized children for food and shelter. But in the natural course of events this comes to a great many parents, perhaps not literally, but figuratively. The new always succeeds the old, and after life's meridian is passed we run down the incline to the close, and no effort of ours can prevail against the fate that awaits us.

There are sons and daughters who, little heeding and impatient of the manners and customs of an older generation, unconsciously make the existence of the old parents dependent upon them one of misery. This is brought about in many ways. Sometimes they are made to feel their dependence and the fact that they are in the way and a most unwelcome burden. Others are deprived of little pleasures and habits because grandchildren, and even their own children, have a false pride in concealing the fact that the old folks still persist in many of their old-time customs and ideas. It always strikes me most unpleasantly that a younger generation is shallow enough to blush and feel ashamed of old fashions and people.

Practically all have the same road to travel, and the up-to-date, smart ideas and customs of this generation will seem hopelessly old-fashioned and impossible to the next. Our children may cause us the same bitter pangs that we to-day cause our parents. The same "laid on the shelf" destiny hovers aloof in the background, only waiting the swift passage of the years to lay hand upon each and every one. Very possibly it may make us question the worth of all the sacrifice and love and care that we lavished so freely and fully upon those who, as little children, looked to us for sustenance in every interest in life, and which we have fondly believed could never be otherwise.—*Peggy Quincy, in Boston Journal.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

A WOMAN GAME-WARDEN.

No one is surprised in these days at a woman's attempting any sort of a task in a field heretofore regarded as belonging exclusively to man, nor is there doubt of her ability to succeed—simply a momentary surprise at the novelty of some of her undertakings. This pleased wonder yields to admiration as one reads of the very valuable service Mrs. L. H. Bath is doing as a protector of wildfowl, and as a terror to law-breakers, at Klamath Lake. This great body of fresh water and marsh, on the boundary between California and Oregon, is one of the most extensive and populous feeding-places and breeding-resorts for wild-fowl in the whole country, and it is especially important to bird-life in that region, where a great part of the surrounding area is arid. The traditions of the abundance of bird-life

thriving there half a century ago are almost incredible; but latterly reckless slaughter by market-gunners, and by careless farmers and sportsmen, had so depleted these numbers that, in 1908, it was necessary to include the lake in a federal game preserve in order to save the remnant of the wild life. The regions of the lake where water-birds chiefly breed have since been patrolled by a warden in the National Association's patrol-boat "Grebe." This made little difference, however, to the market-gunners in the neighborhood of Klamath Falls, who often came as before, or to some local men and boys who had been accustomed to kill ducks and rob nests, regardless of law or gospel. Such local guardianship as was attempted was often defied, therefore, until Mrs. Bath became game-warden in the autumn of 1912.

Soon she made every one, neighbor or stranger, understand that illegal shooting must stop. She went at the work, woman-fashion, to explain its need and work up a favorable sentiment. She made her rounds of lake-shore and stream, and sometimes had to interfere with shooters, but her firmness and persuasiveness and grit carried her through without making an arrest. That real trouble would follow otherwise was plainly felt, however; and now, as an eye-witness writes, "Birds are as safe in Mrs. Bath's district as they are in her back yard."

One of her channels of influence has been through the children, whose regular amusement it has been to throw stones at birds, which, to their uninstructed minds, were swimming there as heaven-sent targets. Mrs. Bath uprooted that error and planted a better idea in their thoughts, so that soon the children were feeding the birds instead of stoning them, and were watching against trespassers.

Mrs. Bath has also exhibited what influence may be gained over wild water-fowl by a quiet and habitual kindness that displaces their suspicious fears. She has tamed Grebes, Gulls, and certain wild Ducks, so that they recognize her and do not flee upon her approach. Coots hasten to flock about her when she calls, and she has taught some of them—wild birds—to take food from her fingers. She has so impressed the people of the town of Klamath Falls with the propriety of safety for wildfowl in the close season that last year more than fifty wild Ducks were hatched on the river-banks within the limits of the city. This friendly public influence was strongly tested when six White Pelicans came to town, and seemed

inclined to settle there. Mrs. Bath relates what followed:—

"I immediately cautioned every one to be extremely careful not to frighten them in any way. They seemed to be full-grown, and, as near as I could tell, were probably early spring birds and parents, as it was about the first of August when they came. I got some live chubs and held them up for the inspection of the Pelicans, and they at once became very much interested. By careful coaxing, they came a little nearer each day. Finally I coaxed them to eat from my hands, and after days of patient working with them I was delighted to have one of them fly on the dock and stand and look at me. Fortunately, I had a fish in my hands, and I held it so the Pelican could see it. He seemed determined to get that fish, and followed after me the distance of a block. I finally gave him the fish, and stood perfectly still, and so gave him plenty of time to walk to the edge of the dock and get back into the water. I knew then that he would come back.

"He came every day about the same time, and I always was there with a fish for him. After ten days of patient working with him, I was rewarded by having the rest of the band come on the dock, and now they follow me anywhere."

We extend to Mrs. Bath hearty compliments and congratulations upon the pluck and the success with which she has managed her difficult rôle.—*Bird Lore*.

BIOGRAPHY.

MAZZINI AND THE GOSPEL OF DUTY.

Why Revolutions Failed.

In "Faith and the Future" (1835) he drives home the same truth, that the second French Revolution, that of 1830, had failed like its predecessor, and for the same fundamental reason, reliance on the doctrine of rights. To quote his words:—

"Right is the faith of the individual. Duty is the common, collective faith. Right can only organize resistance; destroy, not found. Duty builds up and associates; it springs from a general law, whereas Right has its origin only in individual will. Hence nothing prevents attacks on Rights; every injured individual may rebel against them; and force alone is the supreme arbiter between the antagonists. . . . Once admit the principle of Duty, and the possibility of strife has gone; the individual is made subordinate to the com-

mon aim; and thus Duty cuts at the very root of the evil for which Right has only palliatives. . . . Right kills self-sacrifice and banishes martyrdom from the world. Martyrdom is often the baptism of a world, the solemn initiation of progress."

We now see why failure was nothing to Mazzini, except a challenge to fight better for the great cause of human progress. He battled all his life for Italian unity, not from national pride, or hatred of Austria, but from a motive far more fundamental and inspiring. He believed that a nation was a spiritual unity, the parts of which, whether cities or provinces, could live their full life only by close contact with the whole. Separation meant sterility; union was alike strength and true self-realization. His democratic unionism prevailed completely over the old provincial notions; so that by the year 1860 even Sicily gladly welcomed absorption into the wider national life then dawning.

Thus, in a very practical way, Mazzini's doctrine of the submission of the individual to the wider good bore fruit. He is the spiritual father of Italian unity, which Dante and others had foretold, but which Mazzini set forth as the civic and ethical goal for all patriotic efforts. Fired by this inspiring ideal, the youth of the peninsula struggled on through the failures of the 40's, to the crowning triumphs of the decade 1860-70. Garibaldi, first awakened to patriotic endeavor by the propaganda of Young Italy, was in a sense only the executant of this all-compelling national idea, of which Mazzini was the prophet.

MAZZINI'S FINAL GOAL.

But the independence and unity of the nation, although infinitely important to the welfare of all its members, was not the final goal of Mazzini's aims and strivings. He looked ahead to an age—alas! still far distant—when the nations, after attaining civic and moral maturity, would minister to the richness of the life of humanity as a whole. He saw clearly enough that the life of the nation was a necessary stage in the development of the race; and he never made the mistake of the German *Illuminati* of the eighteenth century, who sneered at nationality as an antique prejudice, a childish complaint that all sensible persons would quickly shake off in order to attain the serene heights of cosmopolitan survey. Mazzini saw that love of country was a natural instinct that needed to be purified of selfishness—not wholly eradicated.

At several points the teaching of this so-called "dreamer" was really more practical than that of his predecessors. Again and again he writes that nationality is a sacred principle; that the movements that will make a new Europe, a new world, will spring from the question of nationalities. But, he adds, in "Europe: its Condition" (1852), "The question of nationalities, rightly understood, is the alliance of the peoples."

Thus he looked for the coming of a time when nation should help nation, not thwart its progress by a selfish commercialism or an aggressive militarism. The end of his life, in 1872, was embittered by seeing that Italy had won unity by diplomatic bargains and force, in short, by Old-World methods; and the Europe that resulted from Bismarck's policy seemed to him a crude denial of all that made civic and national life worth having.—*J. Holland Rose, in the Youth's Companion.*

IN PEACE AND WAR: AN EXPERIENCE.

PART II.

The tedium of the long, slow journey was relieved in part by the beauty of the scenery. We made our way at first through the glories of the great Black Forest on a magnificent stretch of railway engineering. After that came the glories of the Rhine, and all the way there were indications of preparations for approaching war. For luncheon and dinner we depended upon sandwiches and biscuits which could be secured at stations on the way. We were under military supervision from the first. Soldiers were stationed everywhere along the line. When we came to the famous bridge across the Rhine at Mainz the train was stopped. Lights were turned on in all the compartments, and at the same time a guard came through and ordered all windows to be closed. It was thought at first that we had come to a tunnel. One delegate—for the day was hot—ventured to lower a window for a little air. Whereupon a guard rushed in, and threatened to empty the entire train unless orders strictly were obeyed. It was feared, as we learned afterward, that some spy might be of our number, who would hurl a bomb and blow up the important bridge.

We were late at Cologne, where the station presented the appearance of a barrack-room. The regular connection had been missed. By a special permit, however, with the imperial passport which had been secured, we were allowed to make our way

toward the Dutch frontier. Angry officials at every stop seemed most unwilling to let the train proceed. At three o'clock in the morning, however, to our great relief, we reached the Dutch frontier, and were hurried into a waiting train that was headed for Flushing. Most of us found refuge in fourth-class carriages, and made the rest of the journey sitting or lying upon wooden benches. When the morning broke we found ourselves beside the Channel steamer. After that it was plain sailing, and by ten in the evening we glided peacefully into London. We had been thirty-six hours on the journey, without sleep to speak of, with very little food, and possessed of only such clothing as we had upon our backs and could carry in our handbags.

In London, final meetings of the Conference were held, and statements by the English and American delegates respectively were drawn up for the press. England declared war upon Germany the night of our arrival, and London in war time is an interesting and exciting place. Proclamations appear on every hand. Troops are marching through the crowded streets whistling, in many instances, "The Marseillaise." Horses are tethered in St. James's Park. Squads of recruits are being drilled in retired squares. War extras are cried out day and night. The atmosphere is charged with electricity. German spies apparently are numerous. A few days since, in the hope of diverting my mind, I went to Letchworth, the famous Garden City, to see what was being accomplished in the way of better houses for the people. I had heard much of the model conditions which prevail there,—the well-planned streets, the open spaces for park and recreation purposes. Before I had been in the town half an hour, finding my way about with a map in hand, I was confronted by a policeman who wished to know my business. It appears that I had been reported to the authorities as a suspicious character, and was taken for a German spy. Papers of identification were asked for, and I was directed to police headquarters, where I was cross-examined and only with considerable difficulty was able to establish my identity as an American. No rudeness, however, was offered, such as so many tourists have experienced in Germany. The utmost courtesy was shown, and entire consideration given.—*Paul Revere Frothingham.*

(To be continued.)

For all the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him Amen, unto the glory of God by us.—*2 Cor. i. 20.*

"What we sow in the home and the school we reap in the nation."

Ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that.—*James iv. 15.*

Every day will I bless Thee: and I will praise Thy name for ever and ever.—*Psa. cxlv. 2.*

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.—*Prov. x. 22.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

A GEOGRAPHICAL STORY.

In Two Parts. Part II.

She was attired in a (11), *a river in the eastern part of Utah, dress trimmed with (12), a cape off the southern extremity of Florida.*

She had (13), *a city in the southwestern part of Maine, hair and (14), a sea south of Russia, eyes.*

She told me she was related to ex-President (15), *a city in the northeastern part of Ohio, and that she went in (16), islands west of South America, with his wife.*

She told me she was going to visit her uncle, whose name was (17), *a lake in the east central part of Africa, (18), a city in the northeastern part of Oregon, who resided at (19), a city at the western terminus of the Erie Canal.*

At last we reached Buffalo, and I left my friend, as I was going to proceed to Dunkirk. After she was gone I found I had her handkerchief, which had an abundance of (20), *a city in the west central part of Germany, on it.*

I thought I would (21), *a river in the southwestern part of Germany, it to remember my friend by.*

—*The Beacon.*

II.

DICKENS CHARACTERS.

In what books of Dickens do the following characters appear?

1. Ebenezer Scrooge. 2. Mrs. Tickit. 3. Richard Upwitch. 4. Dolly Varden. 5. Sam Weller. 6. Blight Young.

III.

THANKSGIVING DESSERT.

Each word has five letters. The centrals spell a Thanksgiving dessert; the initials, a dish that frequently accompanies the turkey on the table.

1. A prank. 2. A Governor. 3. To cause mirth. 4. A rover. 5. Two-footed. 6. To rejoice. 7. Reddish. 8. Root. 9. A town of Herkimer County, New York. 10. Tedium. 11. Inscribes.

—*American Boy.*

IV.

PROBLEM.

A farmer has \$100.00 to buy 100 head of stock; sheep cost 50 cents a head, hogs \$3.00 and cows \$10.00 per head.

Query: How many of each must he buy?

Note: This problem is from a very old scrap-book.

V.

CONCEALED GEOGRAPHY.

In each of the following sentences may be found the name of one of the cities of the United States.

1. The servant, Anna, polishes the silver plate.

2. Ask me any question you like, but I can't answer.

3. He will not bear this rebuff a long time.

4. I saw a little maiden very gayly clad.

5. Rent in the suburbs is low, but rent on Main Street is high.

—*Selected.*

Answers to the Congress Puzzle in the October number.

1. James K. Polk. 2. Izaak Walton. 3. Washington Irving. 4. Abraham Lincoln. 5. Alexander Hamilton. 6. Marian G. Evans. 7. Mrs. James Parton. 8. Joan Countess of Salisbury. 9. Elizabeth Patterson. 10. Sir Walter Raleigh. 11. Mrs. Goldschmidt. 12. Lady Edith Plantagenet. 13. Harriet Lane. 14. Alexander the Great. 15. Frederick the Great. 16. Horatio Nelson. 17. King Arthur. 18. Nova Scotians. 19. Kentuckians. 20. Russians. 21. Turks. 22. Cuba. 23. China Proper. 24. Tennessee. 25. Pennsylvania. 26. Daniel Webster. 27. Shamrock. 28. Yucca filamentosa. 29. St. Patrick. 30. Mahomet. 31. The Koran. 32. David D. Porter. 33. Burns's love. 34. Joseph Hooker. 35. John A. Logan. 36. Anthony Wayne. 37. Thomas Corwin. 38. Robert Burns. 39. James B. Eads. 40. John D. Rockefeller.

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2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

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